

fore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned. The law cannot be broken or set aside, it must be satisfied. "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass away, than one title of the law to fail." In order that it shall be satisfied, blood must be shed. The life of the flesh is in the blood, and it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul. Without shedding of blood is no remission. The law pronounces the penalty against sin.

But it cannot make an atonement for it. The law is as a mirror which shows us our guilt; but not as the water which washes away the stain. The law condemns but Christ must atone. If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law. "But the Scriptures hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe." And so Christ died for us bearing the death penalty for sin, "the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the Spirit."

Let us turn to the picture of Calvary. Just behold the knoll, and across it extends the shadow of a cross. There is a mystery about the crucifixion. Strange is that cry that bursts from the lips of the Sinless One, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." The Christ came before the judge of souls in that awful hour.

The face of the Father was veiled then, for God cannot look upon sin, and the Son had taken the sinner's place, in that time of darkness. But from the gloom of Calvary gleams the light of the atonement of the propitiation for our sins, the reconciliation to God, the atonement with Him. Not merely the mercy, but also the justice of God, is pledged that the soul who believes in Jesus shall not be condemned, for the penalty for its sin has been already borne by the Son of God. So now we can say "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

Blessed be his name, for we are humanity blended with divinity. But let us remember that the connection is made by the golden link of faith. It is when we are thus joined to Him that we can claim the promise of God. And it is then that we can understand the teaching of Paul, as we find in I Cor. 3:22, 23, "All are yours, ye are Christ's and Christ is God's."

Mulvane, Kans.

We cannot hear Christ's call clearly, and still abide in the lowlands of small worries and petty sins. Every saved soul is saved to a broad, deep, high, and glorious life. To live in Christ is to live largely.

Home Circle

A Will and a Way

There's something I'd have you remember, boys,
To help in the battle of life;
It will give you strength in the time of need,
And help in the hour of strife.
Whenever there's something that should be done,
Don't be a coward, and say,
"What use to try?" Remember, then,
That "Where there's a will there's a way."

There's many a failure for those who win;
But though at first they fail,
They try again, and the earnest ones
Are sure, at last, to prevail.
Though the mountain is steep and hard to climb,
You can win the heights, I say,
If you make up your mind to reach the top,
For "Where's a will there's a way."

—Selected.

LITTLE ALLIE'S SAUCE-PLATE

S. S. Times.

Uncle Howard and Aunt Anna were visiting at our house, and mother had warm biscuits and raspberry preserves for supper. She dipped the preserves out of the big berry-dish into the crinkly glass sauce-plates, and passed them around to everybody at the table except Allie. Then she passed the biscuits and butter.

Allie was the youngest of us four children. We always called her Little Allie. She was a generous, sweet-tempered little thing, with laughing eyes and quaint, old-fashioned speech.

She sat in a high-chair at mother's right hand.

While mother was passing the butter, she noticed that Little Allie was swallowing very hard and winking fast to keep from crying.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked in astonishment. Little Allie did not cry often, as many children do. She laughed instead.

Then Little Allie's tears fell fast. "You've—all—got—sauce-plates—but—me!" she sobbed piteously.

Warm-hearted Aunt Anna, on the other side of the table, pushed back her chair, and took Little Allie up on to her comforting breast.

"She shall have a sauce plate—so she shall; bless her dear little heart!" she said, over and over.

Then we children all began to clamor: "Why can't little Allie have a sauce-plate too, mother? Let her have one, please do, mother!"

Mother laughed, and put a sauce-plate of preserves down at little Allie's place. "Of course she can have one, if she wants it," she said; "I thought she wouldn't be so likely to spill the preserves on the table cloth if she had it on her plate. That's why I didn't give her any sauce-plate. I didn't s'pose she'd notice the difference."

So Little Allie ate her supper with a sunshiny face, as usual.

Before Aunt Anna went home, she gave Little Allie a sauce-plate of her

own. It had the letters of the alphabet printed in brown around the edge, and in the center was a bright colored picture of two smiling little girls under an umbrella.

Little Allie is a lovely grown-up woman now, but she still keeps the tender, sensitive spirit of her childhood. Sometimes she is grieved and unhappy over a fancied slight. But she has kept her little sauce-plate all these years, and she goes and looks at it, and says to herself: "Every one at the table that day loved me, and wanted that I should have a sauce-plate, altho I thought they did not care. Perhaps it is just the same this time. Perhaps they don't mean to be unkind, after all."

And so, you see, even a little sauce-plate may have a good and helpful influence in the world.

KNOT THE THREAD

J. R. Miller.

Small Dorothy was busy with her needle, deeply interested in a first attempt to make a dress for her doll. There was an anxious pucker in her white forehead, the stitches were set with painstaking care, and the dainty ruffie was just being drawn to the proper fullness when—out it all came! There had been no knot on the end of the thread.

"Too bad, dearie! too bad!" said grandma's sympathizing voice. "There's many a good bit of work lost to the world in just that way."

Then, while the gray head and the golden one bend close together in an effort to repair the mischief, our thoughts follow the wise old lady's words. Many a bit of good work lost for lack of a knot in the worker's thread! Was she thinking of the mother across the street, who is so anxious that her boys shall be just right in everything—so feverishly and uncomfortably anxious—that she wearies them with watchfulness and advice in season and out of season, and seems to be wasting much of her effort for lack of a little knot of tact at the end of her thread?

There is another woman who spends much of her time, and not a little of her money, in efforts to aid the poor, but she is always complaining of the ingratitude of the class with which she labors. And it is true that, in nearly all quarters, while her gifts are desired, the giver herself is disliked, and her visits are very unwelcome. Her attempts to teach thrift, economy and the laws of health meet with small success because the manner of the speaker arouses antagonism, instead of trust. Her thread lacks the knot of love that would make her work effective.

There is a Sunday-school class that is going on very prosperously, so far as its outward showing goes. The attendance is good, the lessons are interesting, the